

# OLIVER WYVILL D E F E A T E D.

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## A N E W S O N G.

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WHEN Wyvill slept forth for his Country's Good,  
(As HE said) his Designs were but ill understood;  
Such contempt did he shew both for Power and Pelf,  
No one thought that his Views center'd all in himself.

Derry down, &c.

So finely he talk'd and so sweetly he smil'd,  
The strong he perswaded, the weak he beguil'd ;  
And hop'd, by the help of his Association,  
To rule first o'er the County and then o'er the Nation.

Derry down, &c.

Dr. BURGH, SAWREY MORRITT were at it for ever,  
They each thought the other most damnably clever ;  
But unfortunate Heroes they lost all their Pains,  
For one talk'd without Meaning, t'other heard without  
    Brains.

Derry down, &c.

Elated with praise, and grown bolder at length,  
Now's the time says NOLL Wyvill, to try all our strength;  
My republican maxims I'll cram down their throats,  
And I'm sure for TWO Members they'll give me their  
    Votes.

Derry down, &c.

But his Plot was discover'd, his Schemes now are known,  
And our Votes and Opinions thank God still our own ;  
The Proverb applies well to you Master Wyvill,  
Set a Beggar on Horseback he'll ride to the Devil.

Derry down, &c.

